

TERROR



NO. 13

1944

10¢

THE CRYPT OF

NO. 13



10¢

TERROR

FEATURING THE NEW TERROR BY MAGAZINES

ILLUSTRATED

SUSPENSTORIES

WE DARE YOU TO READ!

...BLASTED VOODOO DRUMS!
THEY'VE BEEN BEATING
INTERESTANTLY EVER SINCE THE
NIGHT I MURDERED MY WIFE!
THEY'RE DRIVING ME OUT OF MY
MIND... THROBBING... PULSATING...
I WONDER WHAT THOSE
NATIVES ARE UP TO?



THE CRYPT OF TERROR

SO... WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR READER! *WELCOME!* WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE *CRYPT OF TERROR!* AS YOU KNOW, IN EACH ISSUE OF MY TERROR-IFIC MAGAZINE, I TELL YOU CHILLING TALES FROM MY VAST COLLECTION WHICH I KEEP HERE IN THIS CRYPT! THIS STORY IS ONE OF MY *VERY BEST*... WELL DESIGNED TO THRILL YOU... TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD... TO MAKE LITTLE SHIVERS RUN UP AND DOWN YOUR SPINE! I CALL IT:

GHOST SHIP!

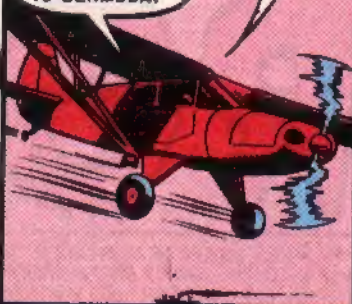


MY STORY BEGINS HIGH OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, A FEW HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF BERMUDA! A TINY PLANE IS WINGING ITS WAY THROUGH A CLOUDLESS SKY...



OH, DARLING! WHAT A *WONDERFUL* WAY TO BEGIN OUR HONEY-MOON... *FLYING* TO BERMUDA!

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT, DEAR!



LIKE IT? I LOVE IT! IT'S LIKE A FAIRYLAND... WITH THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE OF THE OCEAN FAR BELOW...

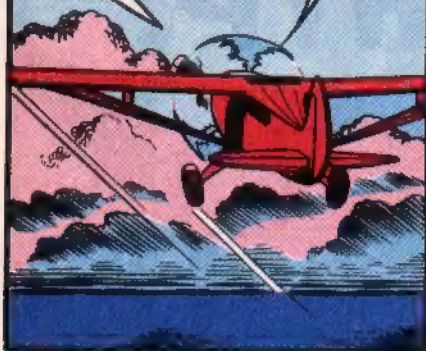
SAY! LOOKS LIKE A FOG BANK COMING IN OVER THE HORIZON...



SWIFTLY, THE SMALL PLANE SPEEDS THROUGH THE BLUE TOWARD THE MENACING FOG BANK...

I'LL TRY TO GO UP OVER IT, CAROL!

CAN'T WE AVOID IT... GO AROUND IT?

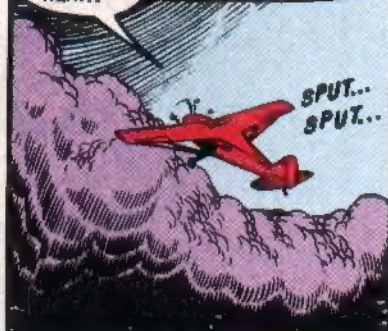


NO... IT WOULD TAKE US TOO FAR OFF OUR COURSE... AND MY GAS SUPPLY MIGHT NOT LAST! NO... I'LL TAKE HER UP OVER IT...



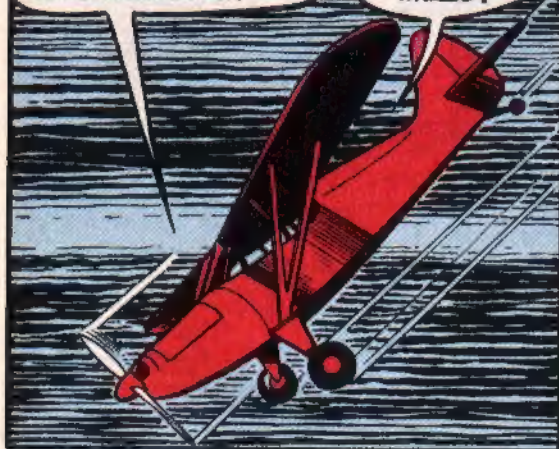
THE DRONE OF THE MOTORS GROW LOUDER AS DON'S PLANE STRAINS TO CLIMB ABOVE THE BLANKET OF FOG BEFORE THEM...

I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT, CAROL... IT'S TOO MUCH FOR HER...



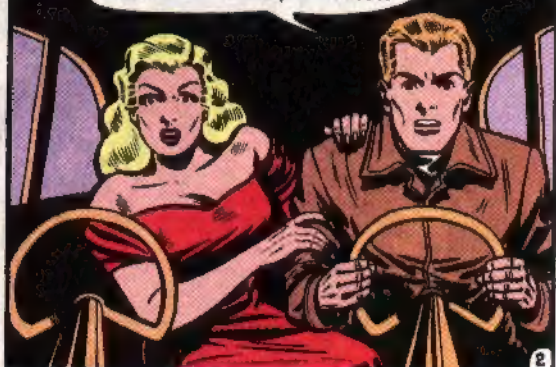
THE MOTORS CONKED OUT... WE'RE GOING DOWN!

DON! WE'LL BE KILLED!

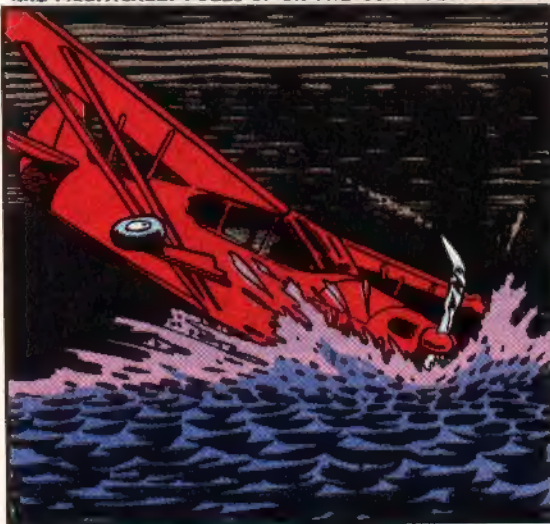


DOWN... DOWN THROUGH THE THICK PEA-SOUP FOG THE PLANE AND ITS TWO OCCUPANTS DROP... AND THEN...

THERE'S AN OPENING IN THE FOG! I'M GOING TO TRY TO PUT HER DOWN ON THE WATER! FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELT, CAROL...!



STRAINING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE OCEAN AS THE CRIPPLED PLANE RUSHES TOWARDS IT, DON'S EYES PEER INTO THE THICK FOG! SUDDENLY HE SEES THROUGH THE OPENING... AND FRANTICALLY PULLS UP ON THE CONTROLS! THEN...



QUICKLY, CAROL... GIVE ME YOUR HAND... THE CABIN MAY FILL UP WITH WATER!

DON... THE LIFE-RAFT! DON'T WE HAVE ONE?

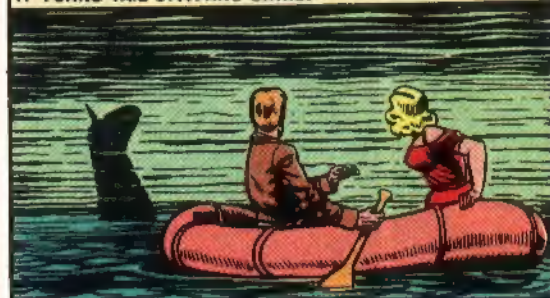


THAT'S RIGHT! I'LL GO BACK AND GET IT...

HURRY, DON! WE'RE SINKING FAST...



FRANTICALLY DON CLIMBS BACK DOWN INTO THE CABIN, AND EMERGES WITH THE PRECIOUS LIFE-RAFT WHICH HE INFLATES! AS THEY PULL AWAY FROM THE WRECKAGE, IT TURNS TAIL UP... AND SINKS.



FOR HOURS THEY FLOAT IN THE DENSE FOG... STRAINING THEIR EYES AND EARS FOR A SIGN OF A SHIP...

DON! WE HAVE NO WATER... NO FOOD... NOTHING! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO LAST VERY LONG!

DON'T WORRY, CAROL! THE FOG WILL LIFT... AND THEN A SHIP OR PLANE WILL SPOT US...

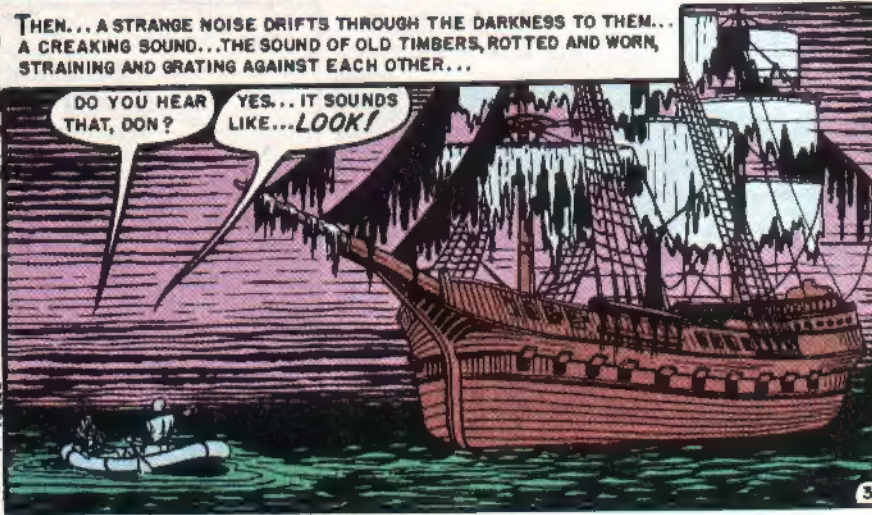


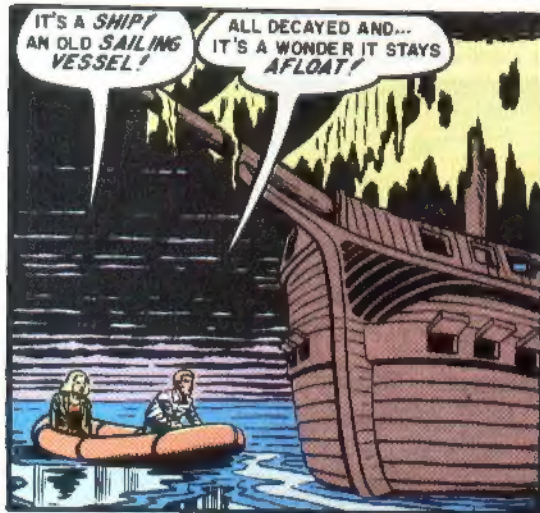
BUT THE FOG DOES NOT LIFT! IT REMAINS FOR ONE DAY... THEN TWO! CAROL AND DON, TIRED AND WEAK FROM HUNGER AND THIRST, DRIFT AIMLESSLY ABOUT IN THE LITTLE RUBBER RAFT... LISTENING... LOOKING... IN VAIN!

THEN... A STRANGE NOISE DRIFTS THROUGH THE DARKNESS TO THEM... A CREAKING SOUND... THE SOUND OF OLD TIMBERS, ROTTED AND WORN, STRAINING AND GRATING AGAINST EACH OTHER...

DO YOU HEAR THAT, DON?

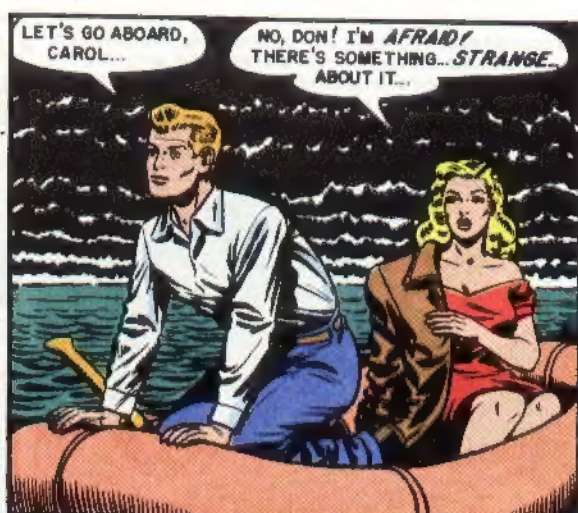
YES... IT SOUNDS LIKE... LOOK!





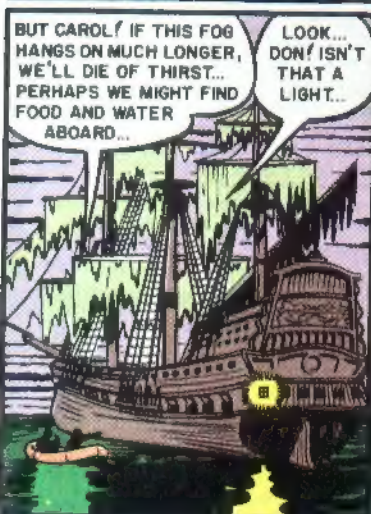
IT'S A *SHIP!*
AN OLD *SAILING*
VESSEL!

ALL DECAYED AND...
IT'S A WONDER IT STAYS
AFLOAT!



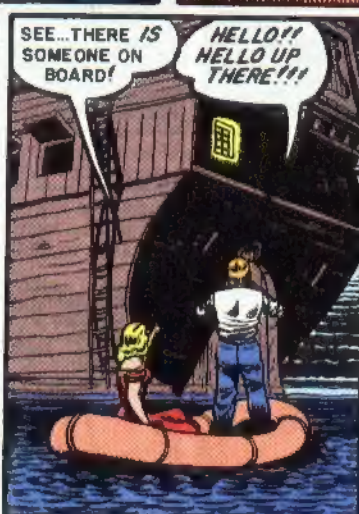
LET'S GO ABOARD,
CAROL...

NO, DON! I'M AFRAID!
THERE'S SOMETHING... *STRANGE*...
ABOUT IT...



BUT CAROL! IF THIS FOG
HANGS ON MUCH LONGER,
WE'LL DIE OF THIRST...
PERHAPS WE MIGHT FIND
FOOD AND WATER
ABOARD...

LOOK...
DON! ISN'T
THAT A
LIGHT...



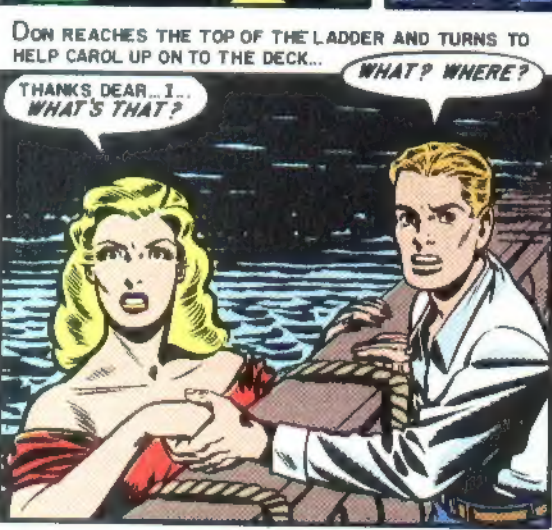
SEE...THERE *IS*
SOMEONE ON
BOARD!

HELLO!!
HELLO UP
THERE!!!



THAT'S FUNNY! THERE'S
NO ANSWER!

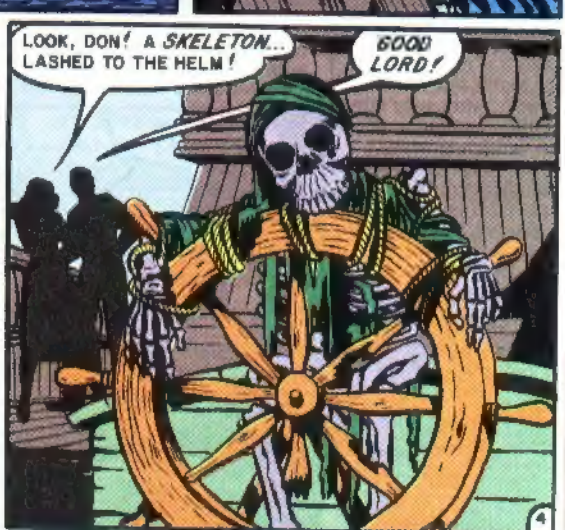
HERE'S A
ROPE LADDER!
COME ON, CAROL!
WE'LL TIE THE
RAFT UP AND
SEE WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT...



DON REACHES THE TOP OF THE LADDER AND TURNS TO
HELP CAROL UP ON TO THE DECK...

WHAT? WHERE?

THANKS DEAR...I...
WHAT'S THAT?



LOOK, DON! A *SKELETON*...
LASHED TO THE HELM!

GOOD
LORD!



I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE MADE THEIR WAY DOWN THE DARK STAIRS TO THE CABIN AND KNOCKED ON THE DOOR! THERE WAS *NO ANSWER!* DON LIFTED THE LATCH AND THE DOOR SQUEAKED OPEN...



NONSENSE! WE PROBABLY SCARED WHOEVER IT WAS AWAY! *LOOK!* HERE'S THE *BOOK* HE WAS READING!

IT... IT LOOKS LIKE THE *SHIP'S LOG!*



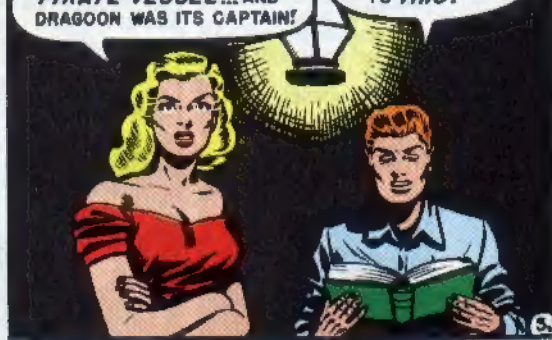
GREAT SCOTT! THE LAST ENTRY IS DATED JANUARY 6TH, 1854!



"October 17th 1853: Today seized the British Frigate Golden Star, killing all hands aboard and capturing booty of jewels and gold coin. The men are dissatisfied with the split; I taking almost half for myself! Captain Henry Dragoon."

WHY, THEN THIS WAS A *PIRATE VESSEL*... AND DRAGON WAS ITS CAPTAIN!

YES, BUT LISTEN TO *THIS!*



"October 27th, 1853:

A mutiny is stirring, led by one of the men, Charles Groggins. I fear for the lives of myself and my mate! Captain Henry Dragoon.

...AND THEN THE WHOLE TREASURE WILL BE OURS... TO SHARE FAIRLY! ARE YOU WITH ME...

LET'S STRING THEM UP... THE CHEATS!

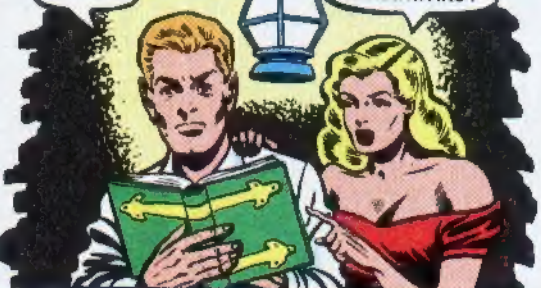


"October 29th, 1853:

They have killed the other officers and I myself remain, locked in this cabin! I can hear them outside, ready to break down the door! This will probably be my last entry in this log. The battering is already shattering the door panels and I...

IT ENDS ABRUPTLY! THEY PROBABLY KILLED HIM!

LOOK! ON THE NEXT PAGE... ANOTHER ENTRY... IN A DIFFERENT HANDWRITING!



"October 30th, 1853: Today, as the new captain of this vessel, I ordered Henry Dragoon to walk the plank. In his parting words, he cursed us and swore revenge and return...

MARK MY WORDS! I WILL RETURN TO ONCE AGAIN COMMAND THIS VESSEL! DEATH TO ALL OF YOU WILL BE MY REVENGE...

GO ON... STOP YOUR CHATTERING AND TAKE YOUR FINAL STEP.



"The men laughed and he disappeared into the briny sea. I immediately set about to find the share of the treasure he had taken... but to no avail. It had vanished! The men will not like this bad news. Charles Groggins.

WHAT? HIS SHARE IS GONE? WHAT MEANS THIS, GROGGINS?

IT IS THE TRUTH MEN... THE BOOTY IS NOWHERE IN THE CABIN!

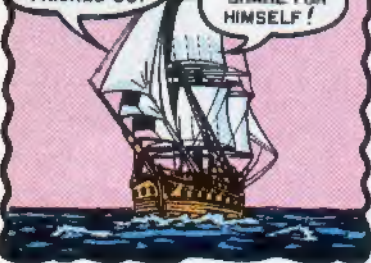
BAH! GRUMBLE



"November 13th, 1853: The men have begun to quarrel and bicker among themselves. They do not believe that there is no treasure. They do not trust me!

I SAY, LET'S STRING 'EM UP! HE'S TRICKED US!

AYE! HE WANTS THE CAPTAIN'S SHARE FOR HIMSELF!



"November 15th, 1853:

The men have given me until today to produce the Captain's share of the booty! I cannot find it and all my pleading has been in vain. They are at the door now. I fear that my hours are numbered!

Charles Groggins.

AND THAT'S THE LAST ENTRY IN HIS WRITING!

WHO CONTINUES IT, DON?



"November 16th, 1853:

A thorough search of the cabin has not produced the treasure. Charles Groggins body swings from the highest yard-arm, and I am taking it upon myself to continue this log. John Bates.

WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE SAILS ARE SLACK!

THE SHIP IS BECALMED! THERE'S NO WIND... NOT A DROP!



"December 5th 1853:
There has been a dead calm for three weeks now. The ship has slowly drifted into a great sea of seaweed and we are held fast by its millions of entwining plants.

WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS NOW... EVEN IF WE DID GET A BREEZE!

WE ARE DOOMED! I SAY TAKE TO THE SMALL BOATS...!



NO...WE WOULD DIE OF EXPOSURE AND STARVATION...!

WE'LL TAKE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE STORES AND WATER!



IT'S FOLLY! I SAY STAY ON THE SHIP! PERHAPS A STRONG ENOUGH WIND WILL TAKE US OFF...

I AGREE WITH THE OTHERS! LET'S TAKE TO THE SMALL BOATS!



"December 18th 1853:
Most of the men took their shares of the stores and left the ship in the small boats. There are but a few of us left."

LOOK! AN ALBATROSS!

IF WE KILL IT, WE COULD BE ASSURED OF FOOD FOR A LITTLE LONGER!

IT IS BAD LUCK TO KILL AN ALBATROSS! BAD LUCK!

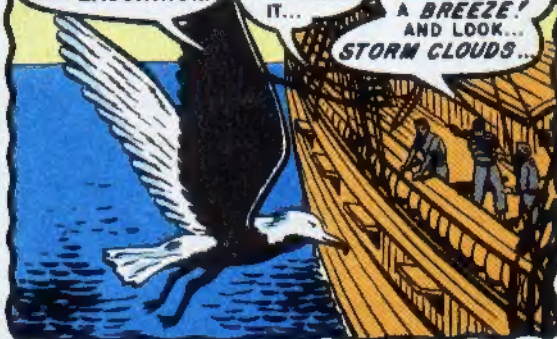


"January 3rd 1854:
My hand can hardly hold the plume. I am weak with hunger. Our food and water ran out four days ago, and still the Albatross hovers over us, its screeching driving us out of our minds."

IT'S LAUGHING AT US... LAUGHING...

BY HEAVEN I'LL KILL IT...

WAIT... WAIT! FEEL THAT! A BREEZE! AND LOOK... STORM CLOUDS...



"January 4th 1854:
The storm hit last night of eight bells. Our sails are full-set but still this cursed sea of seaweed holds us fast. Already the ship, battered by the stormy sea, is beginning to crack and strain. Johnson has tied himself to the helm so that he may steer us out should we break loose."

THAT CURSED ALBATROSS IS GONE, ANYWAY! BUT...WE STILL DO NOT MOVE...

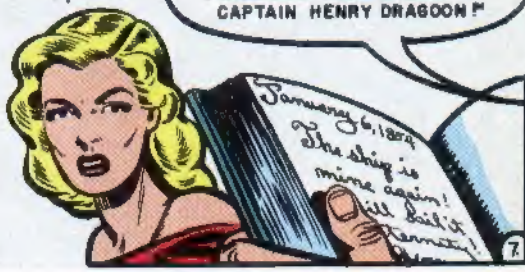
THE SHIP WILL NOT BE ABLE TO TAKE THIS MUCH LONGER!

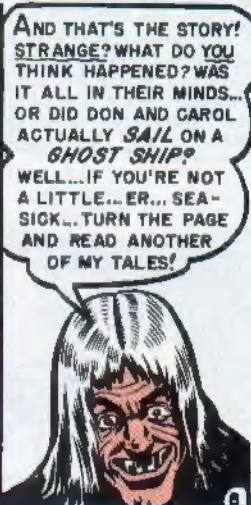
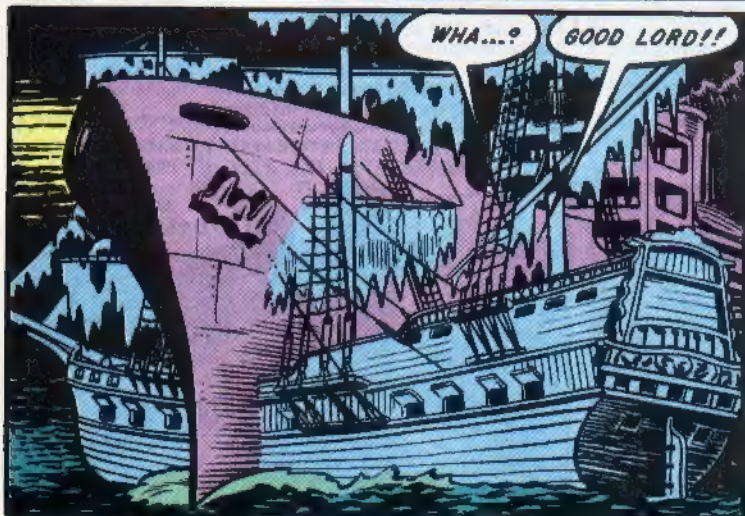
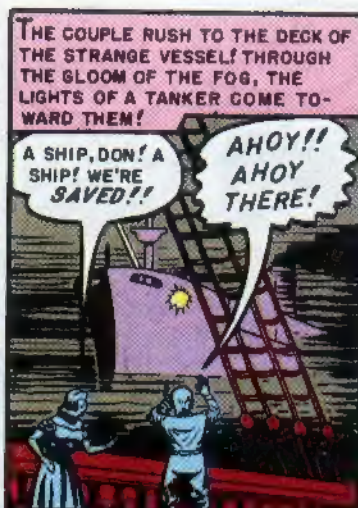


"January 5th 1854:
Carter has strangled while tying a sail on the mizzen mast and he hangs like a banner in the wind. Johnson still remains tied to the helm and I here in the cabin. The water is beginning to fill the hold. We are sinking fast! I will finish this entry and take to the sea. It's my last hope! John Bates."

IS THAT ALL, DON?

NO! THERE'S THIS LAST ENTRY DATED JANUARY 6th 1854! IT SAYS, "THE SHIP IS MINE AGAIN! I WILL SAIL IT INTO ETERNITY! CAPTAIN HENRY DRAGON!"





THE HUNGRY X GRAVE



QUICK, JIM! GET THAT
BODY OUT OF THERE!

I WILL! I'M JUST
TRYING TO THINK WHERE
TO HIDE IT...

I'LL PUT IT IN A
MAUSOLEUM! NO ONE WILL
EVER LOOK INSIDE FOR IT,
BECAUSE BY MORNING...
THERE'LL BE *ANOTHER*
BODY IN THAT OPEN GRAVE!



THERE! EVERYTHING'S
DONE!

BY THIS TIME, ED WILL BE *DEAD!*
HE SWALLOWED THE *ARSENIC*
BEFORE WE LEFT! HE'LL BE
THERE...WAITING FOR US TO
GET HIM AND PUT HIS BODY...
IN THAT *COFFIN!*





JIM...OH, JIM! YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL TO ME! I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* I'D HAVE DONE IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG! ED DIDN'T LOVE ME ANY MORE!

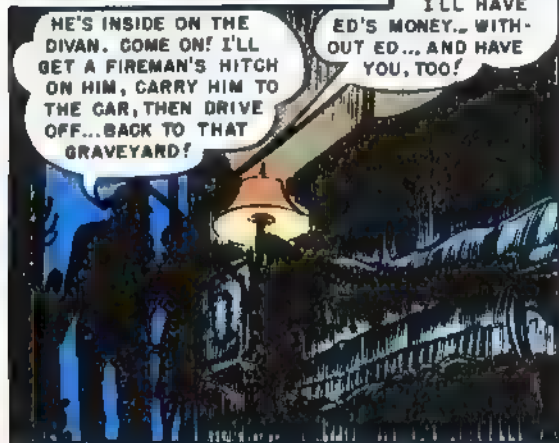
BUT I *DO*, BABY! NOW DON'T YOU WORRY! EVERYTHING IS GOING ALONG SWELL!



I'D BEEN POISONING ED BEFORE I MET YOU, JIM DEAR! HE WAS...HATEFUL! STINGY! HE'D NEVER BUY ME NICE CLOTHES! BUT I JUST KEPT GIVING HIM LITTLE DOSES... TRYING TO WHIP MY NERVE UP INTO *REALLY* KILLING HIM...



YOU DIDN'T *PLAN* ENOUGH, BABY! THIS WAY, THERE'LL BE NO FUSS! ED WILL BE IN THAT GRAVE! NOBODY WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKING *THERE* FOR HIM! THE LAW CAN NEVER TOUCH US!



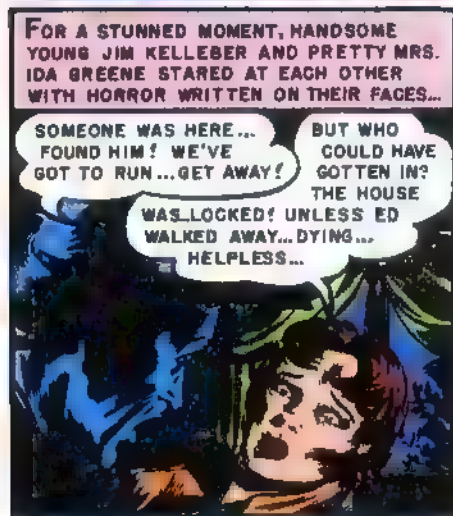
HE'S INSIDE ON THE DIVAN. COME ON! I'LL GET A FIREMAN'S HITCH ON HIM, CARRY HIM TO THE CAR, THEN DRIVE OFF...BACK TO THAT GRAVEYARD!

JIM, I'M SO HAPPY! I'LL HAVE ED'S MONEY... WITH-OUT ED... AND HAVE YOU, TOO!



IDA! IDA! ED ISN'T HERE! THE DIVAN IS EMPTY!

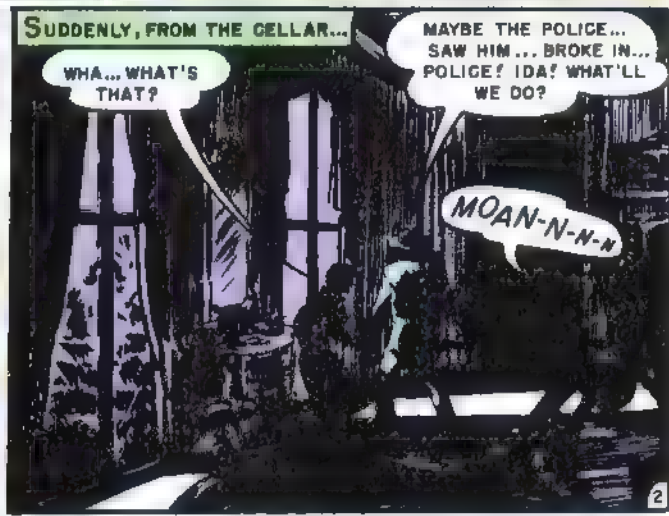
JIM, I'M ...SCARED! A DEAD MAN CAN'T WALK. AND WE *SAW* HIM DRINK THE WHISKEY WITH THE ARSENIC IN IT! HE *MUST* BE DEAD! HE'S *GOT* TO BE DEAD!



FOR A STUNNED MOMENT, HANDSOME YOUNG JIM KELLEBER AND PRETTY MRS. IDA GREENE STARED AT EACH OTHER WITH HORROR WRITTEN ON THEIR FACES...

SOMEONE WAS HERE... FOUND HIM! WE'VE GOT TO RUN...GET AWAY!

BUT WHO COULD HAVE GOTTEN IN? THE HOUSE WAS LOCKED! UNLESS ED WALKED AWAY...DYING... HELPLESS...



SUDDENLY, FROM THE CELLAR...

WHA...WHAT'S THAT?

MAYBE THE POLICE... SAW HIM ... BROKE IN... POLICE! IDA! WHAT'LL WE DO?

MOAN-N-N-N

HAND IN HAND, JIM KELLEBER AND PRETTY IDA GREENE RAN DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS...

THERE'S A LIGHT ON...IN THE WINE CELLAR!

COME ON! I'VE GOT TO SEE...SEE WHAT'S... IN THERE!



YEAH, YEAH! GO IN THERE. KEEP HIM **QUIET!** WE'VE GOT THIS TO DO ALL OVER AGAIN! RIGHT NOW, I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THAT COFFIN... CLOSE IT AND...FILL IN THE GRAVE!

WE DIDN'T GIVE HIM ENOUGH POISON! THOSE LITTLE DOSES OF ARSENIC I'VE BEEN GIVING HIM HAVE MADE HIM... **IMMUNE!**



COVERED WITH SWEAT, SHAKING WITH STRAIN, JIM WENT BACK TO THE OPEN GRAVE...

NEVER SO...SHOCKED IN ALL MY LIFE... TO HEAR ED... **TALKING!**



HI, FOLKS! C'MON IN! I BEEN DOWN HERE, HAVIN' WUNNERFUL TIME! JIM...GETTA COUPLE GLASSES. IDA, DOAN JUS' STAN' THERE. C'M ON IN...



YOU HAVVA GOOD TIME ATTA MOVIES? WHERE'S... JIM?

HE'S TIRED! HE WENT HOME! FINISH YOUR DRINK, DEAR. YOU HAVE TO BE TO WORK IN THE MORNING, YOU KNOW!



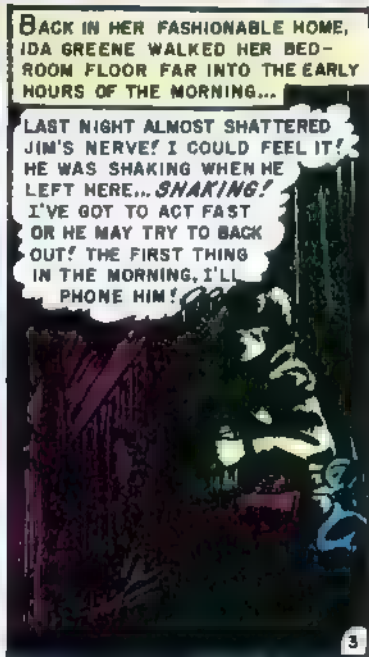
THERE! THESE SOD SQUARES FIT TOGETHER CLOSELY ENOUGH SO NO ONE WILL

NOTICE THAT I'VE BEEN DIGGING HERE!



BACK IN HER FASHIONABLE HOME, IDA GREENE WALKED HER BED-ROOM FLOOR FAR INTO THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING...

LAST NIGHT ALMOST SHATTERED JIM'S NERVE! I COULD FEEL IT! HE WAS SHAKING WHEN HE LEFT HERE... **SHAKING!** I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST OR HE MAY TRY TO BACK OUT! THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, I'LL PHONE HIM!



NEXT MORNING...

JIM, DARLING! OH, LAST NIGHT WAS SO GHOSTLY. DID YOU MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT...AT THE GRAVE? GOOD! NOW LISTEN! LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY...

A BIG DOSE OF ARSENIC! YES, THAT'S RIGHT! HE'LL TAKE IT IN HIS MEAL AT SUPPER TONIGHT! NO, NO, DEAREST! THIS CAN'T FAIL! I'M GOING TO USE THE ENTIRE BOTTLE! NOW, YOU GO RIGHT TO THE GRAVE...

AN HOUR AFTER THE SUN SET, JIM KELLEBER WALKED OUT OF A BAR AND GRILLE...

SURE! SURE! DIG UP THE GRAVE! OPEN THE COFFIN! GET EVERYTHING READY FOR A DEAD BODY! THEN...ED WON'T DIE! WHAT A GRISLY SORT OF JOKE!

HA! HA! HA! WHAT A WASTE OF EFFORT!

GOT EVERYTHING ALL NICE AND READY! AN EMPTY COFFIN, JUST WAITING FOR A BODY. ONLY THING IS...THERE IS NO BODY! ED WON'T DIE! HE DRINKS ARSENIC LIKE I DRINK COFFEE!

IDA SAID TO PICK UP THE BODY IN HER LIVING ROOM. IT WILL BE IN A SACK! BUT I'LL BET IT WON'T BE! ED'S STUBBORN! WE CAN'T KILL HIM!

HA! HA! CAN'T KILL HIM! EVERYBODY ELSE KILLS THEIR VICTIMS, BUT NOT US! WE HAVE A FOOLPROOF SCHEME ON HOW TO COMMIT MURDER AND GET AWAY WITH IT...ONLY OUR VICTIM WON'T DIE!

JIM KELLEBER WAS SHAKING IN NERVOUS TERROR AS HE OPENED THE FRONT DOOR OF THE GREENE MANSION...

IDA! HELLO,
IDA...?

IDA...ISN'T...HOME! BUT...
BUT SHE LEFT...ED!

COME ON, ED! LET'S YOU AN
ME TAKE A LITTLE RIDE, HUH?
SURE! I'LL DRIVE! HA! HA!
'COURSE I'LL DRIVE!


IDA AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE
A SWELL TIME WITH YOUR MONEY,
ED! YOU WOULDN'T SPEND A PENNY
UNLESS YOU GOT A NICKEL'S WORTH
FOR IT, BUT YOUR PRETTY WIDOW
AND I...WE'RE GOING TO HAVE
LOTS OF FUN!

SO LONG,
ED!

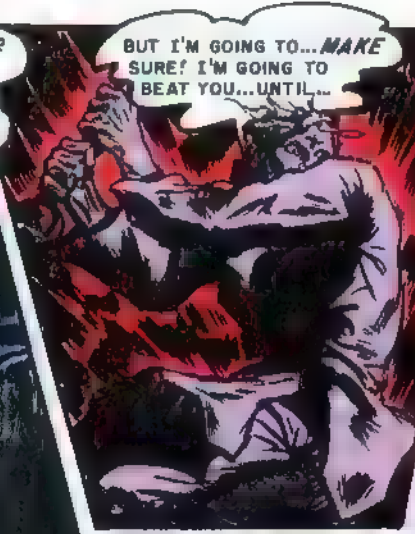
AND THEN, AS JIM
LOWERED THE SACK
INTO THE OPEN
COFFIN, THE BODY
INSIDE IT STIRRED.
TRIED TO SIT UP!

Y E E E E
MMMMOOOOOAAAANNNN...


THIS WON'T TAKE LONG,
ED! YOU'LL BE RESTING
QUIETLY UNDER SIX
FEET OF DIRT PRETTY
SOON!



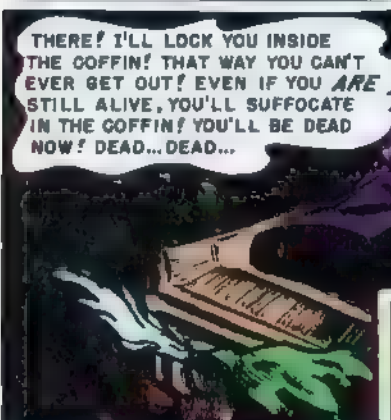
YOU'RE NOT DEAD YET, ED?
NOT DEAD? STILL ALIVE?
IDA GAVE YOU A WHOLE
BOTTLE OF ARSENIC, ED!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE DEAD!



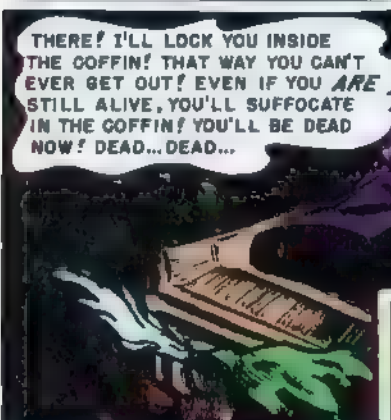
BUT I'M GOING TO...**MAKE**
SURE! I'M GOING TO
BEAT YOU...UNTIL...




NO...NO! I...I **CAN'T** DO IT!
I CAN'T **HURT** ANYONE! IDA
KNEW THAT! THAT'S WHY SHE
DID THE... THE KILLING! ALL I
EVER DID WAS DIG...



THERE! I'LL LOCK YOU INSIDE
THE COFFIN! THAT WAY YOU CAN'T
EVER GET OUT! EVEN IF YOU **ARE**
STILL ALIVE, YOU'LL SUFFOCATE
IN THE COFFIN! YOU'LL BE DEAD
NOW! DEAD... DEAD...

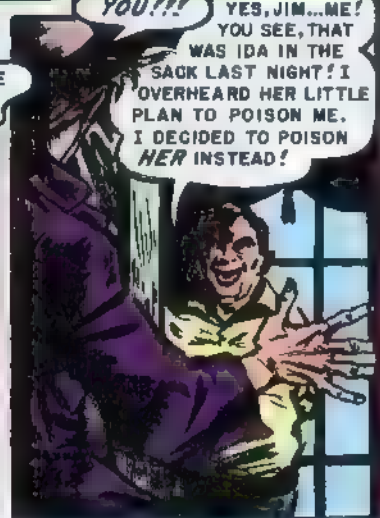


NEXT MORNING, JIM PRESSES
THE DOORBELL OF THE
GREENE MANSION. FOR A
WHILE, ALL IS STILL IN THE
HOUSE. AND THEN...




I'LL COVER YOU WITH NICE
CLEAN DIRT! HEAVY DIRT!
DIRT YOU CAN'T PUSH ASIDE
TO CLIMB OUT! THIS TIME,
YOU'RE DEAD FOREVER!

YOU!!!

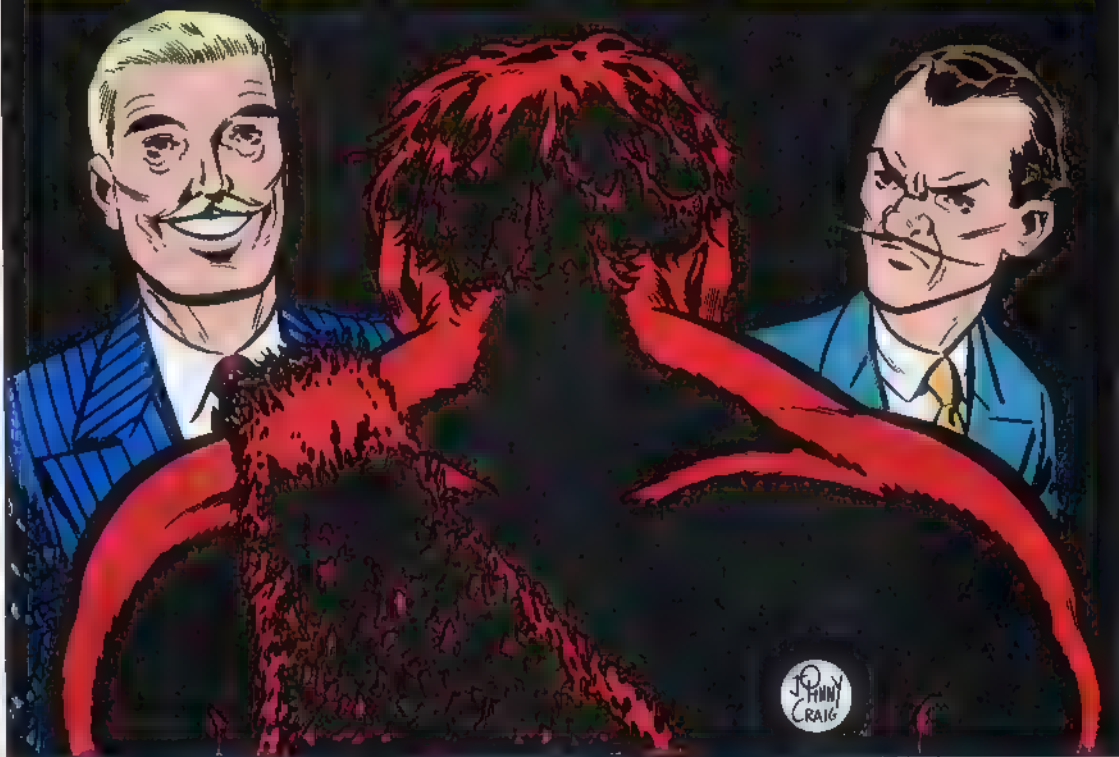


YES, JIM...ME!
YOU SEE, THAT
WAS IDA IN THE
SACK LAST NIGHT! I
OVERHEARD HER LITTLE
PLAN TO POISON ME.
I DECIDED TO POISON
HER INSTEAD!

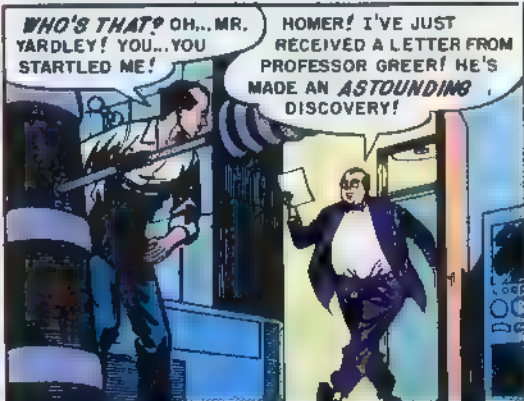


COME ON IN, JIM! AS A
BARBER MIGHT SAY BEFORE
WIELDING HIS RAZOR...
YOU'RE NEXT!

CAVE MAN



WE FIND HOMER PERRY IN HIS PRIVATE WORKSHOP IN THE JONSONIAN INSTITUTE, WHERE HE IS THE ASSISTANT CURATOR, BUSILY ENGAGED IN THE PREPARATION OF AN EXHIBIT WHICH HAS BEEN TWO YEARS IN THE MAKING...

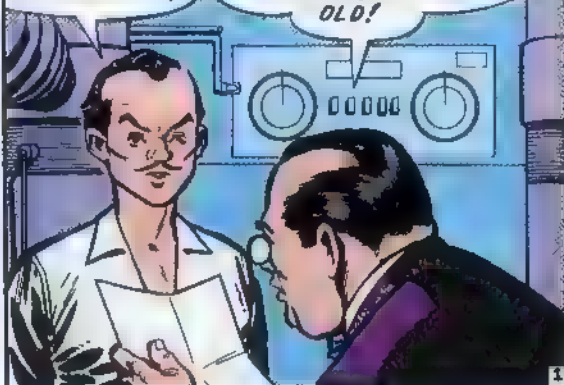


WHO'S THAT? OH...MR. YARDLEY! YOU...YOU STARTLED ME!

HOMER! I'VE JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR GREER! HE'S MADE AN *ASTOUNDING* DISCOVERY!

PROFESSOR GREER? ISN'T HE WITH OUR ANTHROPOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN THE SWISS ALPS?

YES! YES! AND HE'S FOUND A *PERFECT SPECIMEN* OF A *NEANDERTHAL MAN*! THINK OF IT, HOMER! A PERFECT FIGURE OF A MAN *200,000 YEARS OLD*!



200,000 YEARS! ICE! IT WAS BUT, HOW WAS IT PRESERVED FOR SO LONG? FROZEN SOLID IN A GLACIER IN THE ALPS! THE INTENSE COLD PRESERVED IT COMPLETELY!



GREER WILL HAVE THE NEANDERTHAL BACK HERE IN THE INSTITUTE IN LESS THAN TWO WEEKS! I WANT YOU TO STOP WORK ON YOUR EXHIBIT IMMEDIATELY!



WHAT? BUT MR. YARDLEY, SIR! IT'S ALMOST DONE! I CAN'T STOP NOW!



I'M SORRY, HOMER, BUT A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED REFRIGERATED EXHIBIT CASE IS BEING MADE! I WANT YOU TO HELP WITH THE BACKDROPS AND PROPS WHICH WE'LL NEED TO MAKE IT LOOK AS IF THIS PREHISTORIC MAN IS IN HIS ER NATURAL SURROUNDINGS!



BUT, MR. YARDLEY, SIR, YOU KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THE EXHIBIT I'M WORKING ON IS TO ME!

OF COURSE, HOMER! IT'S A GREAT THING YOU'RE DOING, I ADMIT! IT WOULD MAKE YOU FAMOUS, BRING YOU WEALTH! YOUR FUTURE WOULD BE SECURED!



EXACTLY, MR. YARDLEY! I'VE SLAVED FOR TWO LONG YEARS TO PERFECT EVERY DETAIL! THE PRESTIGE ALONE WOULD INSURE MY CAREER! MY FUTURE LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!

I KNOW, HOMER, I KNOW! BUT BESIDE GREER'S MOMENTOUS FIND, YOUR EXHIBIT BECOMES INSIGNIFICANT! NOW, STOP ARGUING AND DO AS I ASKED!



GRUMBLING, HOMER PERRY ATTACKED HIS NEW TASK THE SUB-ZERO SHOWCASE WAS FINISHED AND REPLICAS OF PREHISTORIC SETTINGS CONSTRUCTED AND READIED...

PROFESSOR GREER! I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN! EVERYTHING HAS BEEN PREPARED!

GOOD! I'M ANXIOUS TO GET TO WORK! I HOPE THE SHOWCASE IS COLD ENOUGH! HE STILL HAS TO BE CHOPPED FREE OF GLACIER ICE!



PROFESSOR GREER, I...

HOMER, DON'T BOTHER THE PROFESSOR WHY DON'T YOU FINISH YOUR EXHIBIT? YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO COMPLETE IT BEFORE WE OPEN THE INSTITUTE'S DOORS TO THE PUBLIC TOMORROW! ANYWAY, WE DON'T NEED YOU NOW...

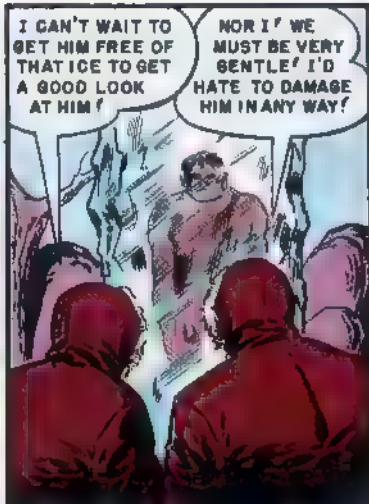


RIGHT THIS WAY,
PROFESSOR! WE'LL
DON OUR HEATED
SUITS AND GET
RIGHT TO WORK!



I CAN'T WAIT TO
GET HIM FREE OF
THAT ICE TO GET
A GOOD LOOK
AT HIM!

NOR I! WE
MUST BE VERY
GENTLE! I'D
HATE TO DAMAGE
HIM IN ANY WAY!



THE TWO WOMEN BEGAN TO CHIP AWAY
THE ICE BIT BY BIT... AND TIME
PASSED INTO HOURS...

WE'LL BE FINISHED
SOON! HE LOOKS
EVEN BETTER THAN
I THOUGHT!

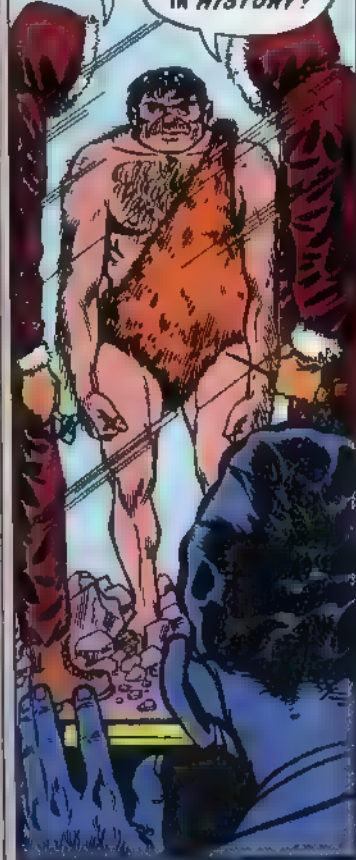
REMARKABLE!



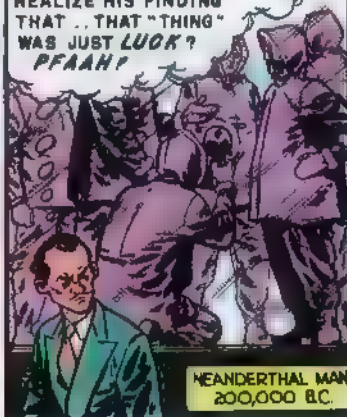
...AND THEN...

WE'RE DONE!
LOOK AT HIM!
PERFECTLY
PRESERVED!

EXTRAORDINARY!
YOU HAVE DONE
THE WORLD A
GREAT SERVICE,
PROFESSOR! YOU
WILL GO DOWN
IN HISTORY!



PFAAH! LOOK AT THEM FALLING
ALL OVER HIM! THEIR HERO! THOSE
BLIND FOOLS! DON'T THEY
REALIZE HIS FINDING
THAT... THAT "THING"
WAS JUST LOOK?
PFAAH!



NEANDERTHAL MAN
200,000 B.C.

DUE TO PUBLICITY, THE INSTITUTE
WAS THROGGED WITH PEOPLE WHEN
THE EXHIBITS ARE UNVEILED! BUT...

EVERYONE IS SWARMING AROUND
GREER! NO ONE EVEN NOTICED MY
EXHIBIT AT ALL!

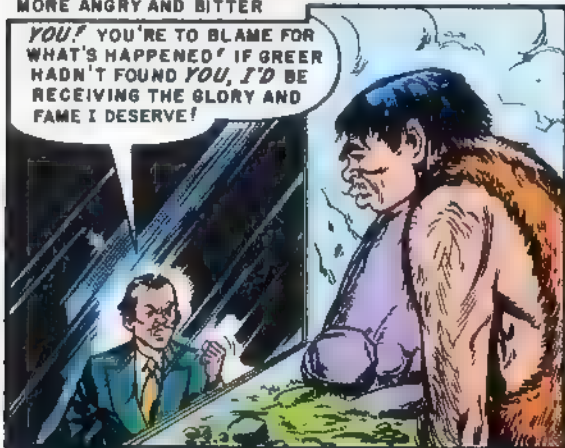


IT ISN'T FAIR! I WORKED SO HARD
ON MY EXHIBIT! ALL THE FAME AND
GLORY HE'S RECEIVING WOULD
HAVE BEEN MINE! HOW I HATE
HIM... BUT I'LL GET... EVEN...



WITH EACH SUCCEEDING DAY, AS NEW ATTENTION AND HONORS WERE HEAPED UPON GREER, HOMER GREW MORE ANGRY AND BITTER

YOU! YOU'RE TO BLAME FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED! IF GREER HADN'T FOUND YOU, I'D BE RECEIVING THE GLORY AND FAME I DESERVE!



MY WORK WILL *NEVER* BE RECOGNIZED WHILE **YOU'RE** AROUND, YOU STUPID NEANDERTHAL! I... WAIT! I'VE JUST HAD AN IDEA...



HMM... YES, OF COURSE! HOW SIMPLE! ALL I NEED DO IS RID MYSELF OF THIS CREATURE... WITHOUT **HIM** TO GAPE AT, PEOPLE WILL RECOGNIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF **MY** WORK!

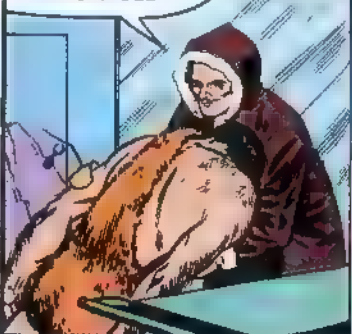


... AND I KNOW *JUST* HOW TO DO IT! THE INSTITUTE IS CLOSED OVER THE WEEK-ENDS! THAT'LL BE PERFECT. JUST PERFECT!



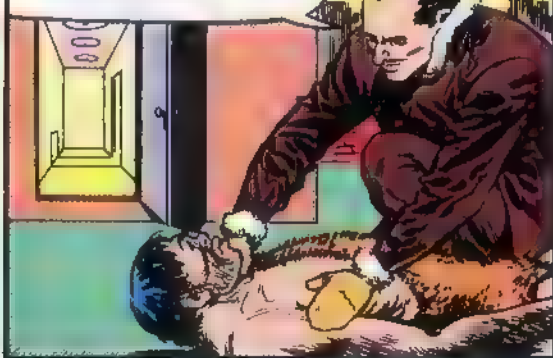
EARLY SUNDAY MORNING, HOMER ENTERED THE INSTITUTE AND WENT DIRECTLY TO THE SUB-ZERO CASE

THERE! I'VE LOOSENED THE PROPS THAT HOLD HIM UP! NOW TO PUT HIM ON THIS WHEEL-TABLE



CHUCKLING, HOMER WHEELED THE PREHISTORIC MAN INTO AN ELEVATOR WHICH BROUGHT THEM TO THE ROOF OF THE INSTITUTE...

NOW TO LIE YOU ON THE ROOF WHERE THE SUN IS SURE TO BEAT DOWN ON YOU ALL DAY

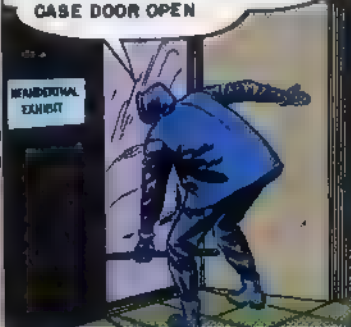


AFTER BEING IN "FROZEN STORAGE" FOR 200,000 YEARS, A DAY SPENT IN THE SUN'S HEAT SHOULD DECOMPOSE YOU IN NO TIME! HA! HA! THERE WILL BE ALMOST *NOTHING* LEFT OF YOU!



THE DAY PASSED ALL TOO SLOWLY FOR HOMER, BUT FINALLY IT WAS NIGHT... AND HE RETURNED TO THE INSTITUTE...

I'LL HAVE TO BRING THE ROTTED REMAINS OF ITS BODY BACK HERE WHERE THEY BELONG! ...I'LL JUST PROP THIS SHOW-CASE DOOR OPEN



MOMENTS LATER HE WAS ON THE ROOF...

WHAT TH' ? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE HASN'T DE-COMPOSED AT ALL... JUST SEEMS TO HAVE THAWED OUT A BIT! BLAST IT! TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING MORE! I'LL HAVE TO PUT HIM BACK...



THE SUN WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH! NEXT WEEK-END I'LL TRY TO HELP IT ALONG BY BRINGING HIGH POWER HEAT LAMPS



HMM... THOUGHT I SAW HIS EYE TWITCH!...HEH! MUST BE MY IMAGINATION.



OH... HERE WE ARE... ONLY TAKE A FEW MORE MINUTES TO REACH THE EXHIBIT-CASE! BE GLAD, TOO! GETTING JITTERY...



COULD HAVE SWORN HIS HAND MOVED JUST THEN! ...PFAAH! JUST MY NERVES ACTING UP!



GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S ALIVE! HE WASN'T DEAD AT ALL! HE... HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN A STATE OF... SUSPENDED ANIMATION!

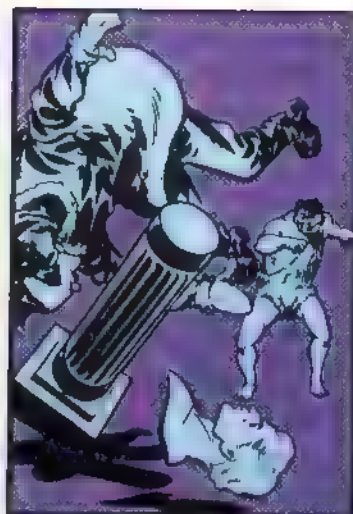
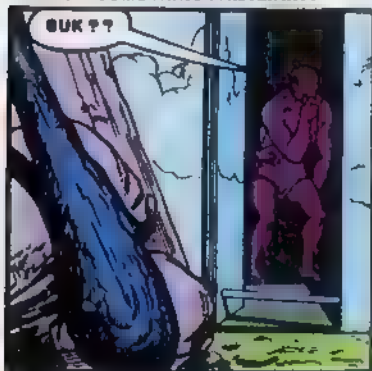


NO! NO! DON'T COME NEAR ME! KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

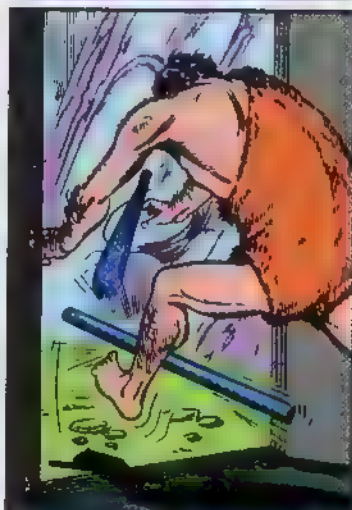




IN A FRENZY, THE NEANDERTHAL RAGES AND STORMS UNTIL HE REACHES THE OPEN DOOR-WAY TO THE EXHIBIT THAT HOUSED HIM. HE STOPS, FOR INSIDE HE SEES SOMETHING... SOMETHING FAMILIAR...

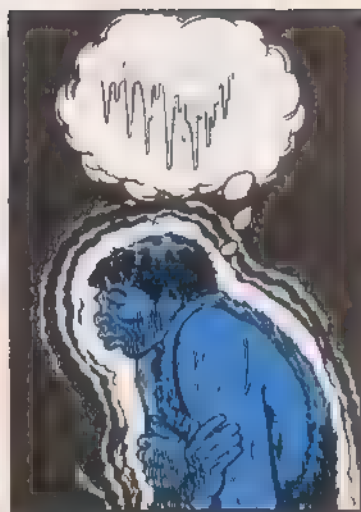


SUDDENLY THE PREHISTORIC MAN NOTICES HIS STRANGE SURROUNDINGS AND FRIGHTENED, RAGES THROUGH THE HALLS, WREAKING HAVOC



THROUGH THE SHOWCASE GLASS HE SEES THE REPLICA OF A PREHISTORIC ANIMAL, AND IN HIS CONFUSED, BEWILDERED MIND HE KNOWS BUT ONE THING... **FIGHT!**





NEXT MORNING, YARDLEY AND GREER ARRIVE. TO FIND

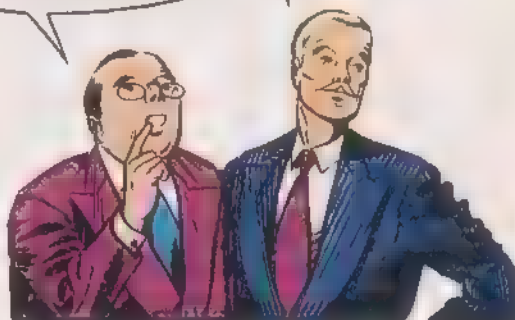
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S HOMER PERRY! ...AND HE'S DEAD!

AND MY EXHIBIT! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY NEANDERTHAL MAN!



ANA! I SEE IT ALL NOW! HOMER PERRY WAS INSANELY JEALOUS OF YOU, PROFESSOR! HE MUST HAVE RUN AMOK IN HERE AND ACCIDENTALLY FALLEN OFF THAT BALCONY!

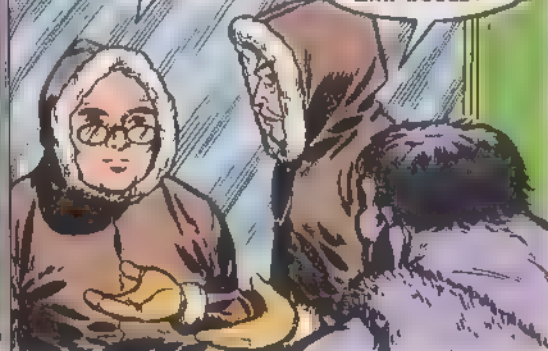
OF COURSE! HE WENT MAD AND TRIED TO DESTROY MY EXHIBIT! TRAGIC! WELL, LET'S PHONE THE POLICE, AND THEN FIX THE EXHIBIT AS IT WAS!



SOME TIME LATER...

AT LAST THE POLICE HAVE GONE! THANK HEAVEN THE NEANDERTHAL MAN WASN'T DAMAGED!

YES! ISN'T IT STRANGE THE WAY MEN REACT TO LIFE? HOMER, IN A JEALOUS RAGE, RAN WILD.. JUST LIKE ANY PREHISTORIC MAN WOULD!



QUITE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! OH, IF ONLY IT WERE POSSIBLE TO SEE HOW THIS FELLOW, HERE, WOULD ACT IF HE WERE ALIVE! WOULDN'T THAT BE SOMETHING TO SEE?

INDEED! I'D GIVE MY LIFE TO EXPERIENCE THE THRILL OF FACING A LIVE NEANDERTHAL! BUT ALAS! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE.. IS IT?



THE END

WHEN DANIEL KING ARRIVED IN HAITI, THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND OF VODOO AND BLACK MAGIC, NEVER IN HIS MOST FANTASTIC NIGHTMARES DID HE DREAM HE WOULD ENCOUNTER A...

ZOMBIE!



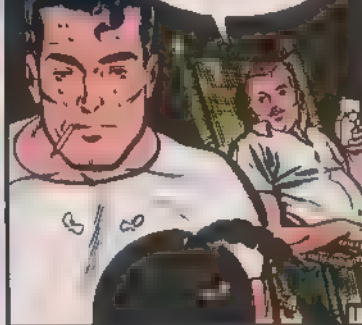
IT CERTAINLY IS NICE OF YOU TO LET ME BE YOUR GUEST HERE ON YOUR PLANTATION, MR. RICHARDS...

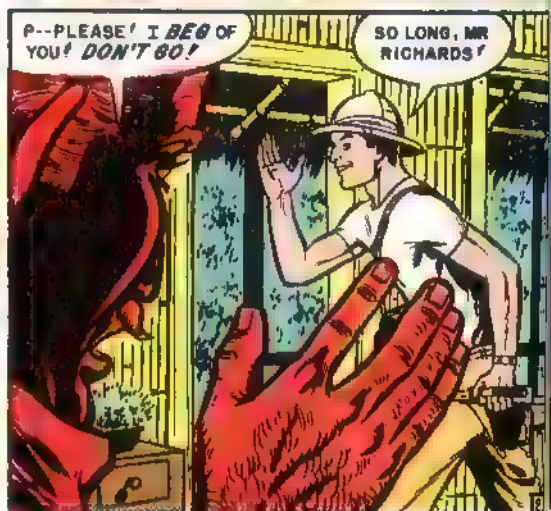
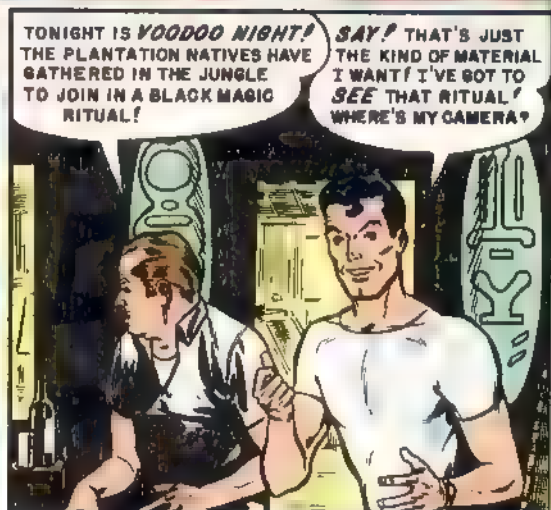
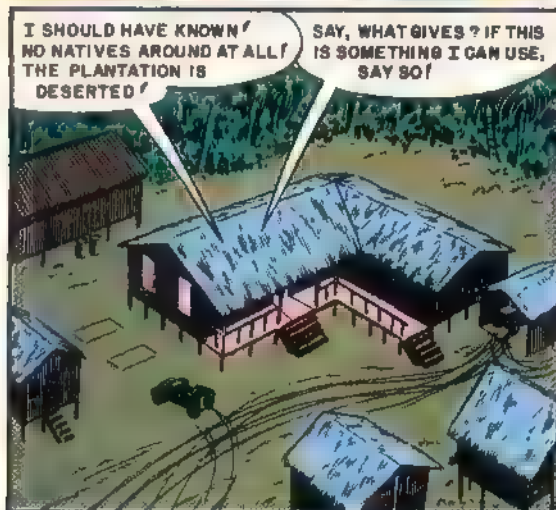
DON'T MENTION IT, OL' BOY...GLAD TO HAVE YOU! IT GETS BEASTLY LONESOME HERE, YOU KNOW... NICE TO HAVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO



HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?

ABOUT EIGHT MONTHS, ALL TOLD. I BOUGHT THIS PLACE SEVERAL MONTHS AFTER THE DEATH OF THE FORMER OWNER... STRANGE TALE...





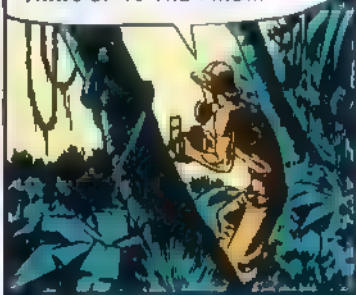
ARMED WITH BUT HIS CAMERA, DANIEL KING PLUNGED DEEP INTO THE DENSE UNDERGROWTH AND HURRIEDLY MADE HIS WAY TOWARD THE SOUND OF THE DISTANT DRUMS. HE TREMBLED WITH EXCITEMENT, AND PERSPIRATION DOOZED FROM HIS PORES LIKE WATER, AS THE BOOMING VOODOO DRUMS POUNDED IN HIS EARS AND THE FRENZIED SCREAMING CHANTS OF THE NATIVES HERALDED THE NEARNESS OF HIS GOAL! SUDDENLY HE WAS THERE! UNSEEN, DANIEL KING WATCHED AFRAID BUT YET ENTRANCED



GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS FANTASTIC! THOSE DRUMS ARE SO LOUD! I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!



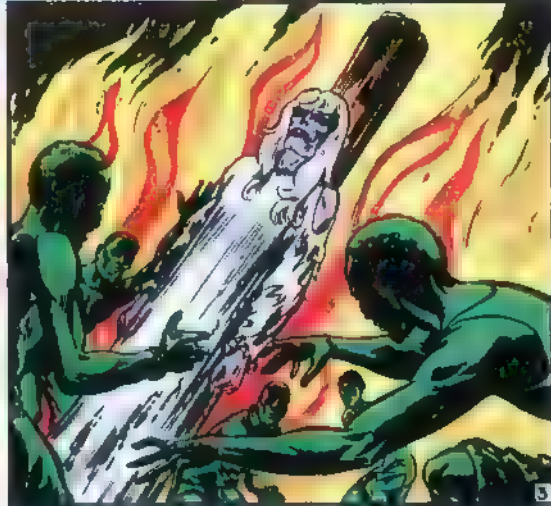
THIS IS TERRIFIC MATERIAL! JUST WHAT MY ARTICLE NEEDS! SAY... WHAT ARE THOSE NATIVES DOING NOW? THEY'RE BRINGING SOMETHING UP TO THE FIRE...



IT'S A COFFIN! AND... AND THEY'RE LIFTING THE BODY OUT...

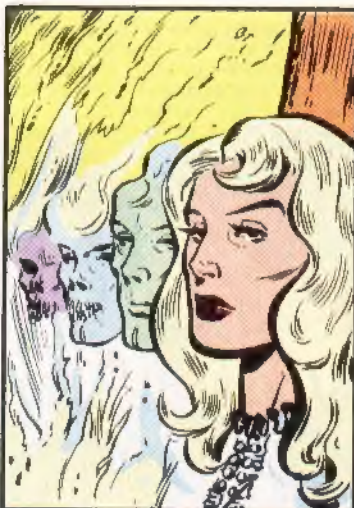


NOW THEY'RE STANDING IT UP AGAINST THAT POLE

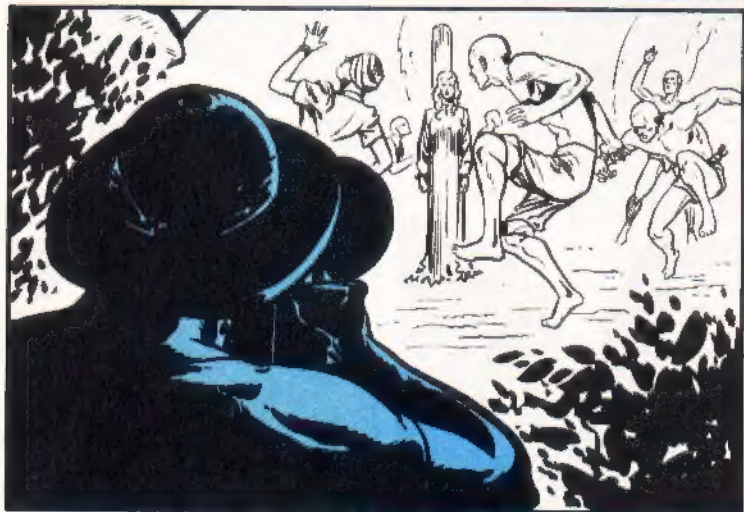
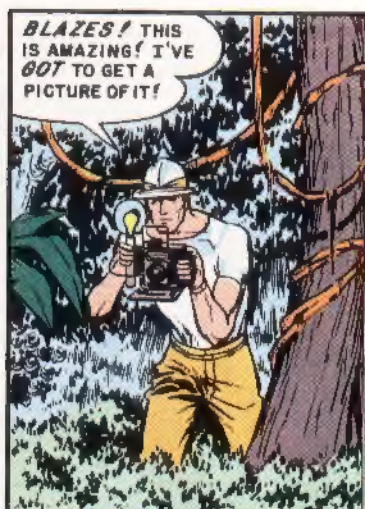


THE NATIVES DANCED FASTER ABOUT THE HORRIBLE, EMACIATED CORPSE... THE FIRE BURNED HIGHER AND THE DRUMS THROBBED THROUGH DANIEL KING, MAKING HIS HEAD ACHE! THEN...

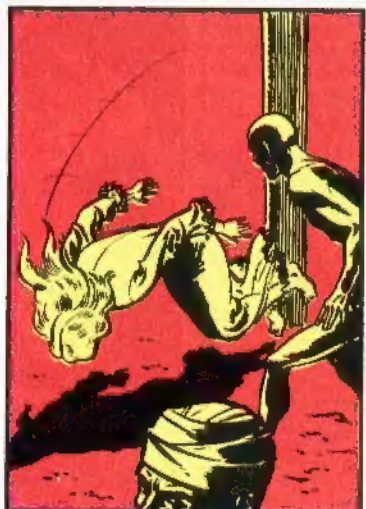
GREAT SCOTT! THE... THE CORPSE... SHE... SHE'S CHANGING! HER FACE... HER BODY... BEGINNING TO LOOK YOUNG! SHE'S... BEGINNING TO LOOK... ALIVE!



BLAZES! THIS IS AMAZING! I'VE GOT TO GET A PICTURE OF IT!



LUVVA MIKE! THEY NOTICED THE FLASH! EVERYTHING'S STOPPED!



SOME
TIME
LATER...

MR. KING! THANK HEAVEN
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! WHAT
HAPPENED? WHAT DID
YOU SEE?!



DANIEL KING RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE...

...AND WHEN THE WOMAN'S CORPSE
COLLAPSED IN A HEAP,
I RAN LIKE THE DEVIL!

IT'S...IT'S
ASTOUNDING!
YOU ACTUALLY
SAW THE
WHITE
ZOMBIE?



SAW IT? I PHOTOGRAPHED IT!
C'MON! YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT
THE WHITE ZOMBIE WHILE I
DEVELOP THE NEGATIVE!

RIGHTO!



THIS PICTURE WILL KNOCK
'EM DEAD WHEN I GET
BACK TO THE STATES! OH,...
TELL ME THE STORY!

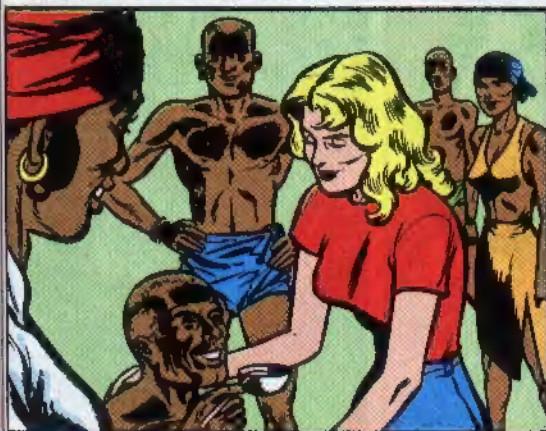
"KNOCK 'EM DEAD"? OH,
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN,
OL' BOY! OH, YES...THE
STORY OF THE WHITE
ZOMBIE! WELL...



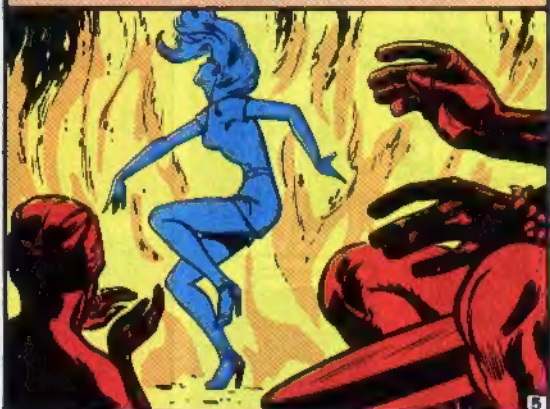
JASON MORGAN WAS THE FORMER OWNER OF THIS PLANTATION.
HE WAS A BRUTE OF A MAN, AND CRUEL...VERY
CRUEL TO THE NATIVE WORKERS...



HIS WIFE WAS NAMED MARIE. SHE WAS SWEET AND
GOOD. SHE TREATED THE NATIVES KINDLY...BRINGING WATER
TO THEM IN THE FIELDS, CARING FOR THEM TENDERLY...



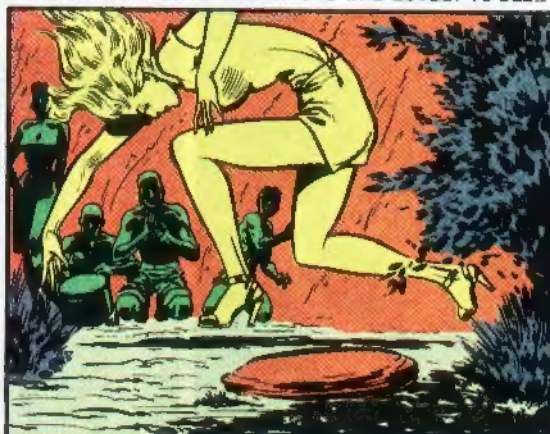
MARIE LIKED THE NATIVES. SHE DISOBEYED JASON BY
SECRETLY ATTENDING THEIR RITUALS, WHERE SHE
ENJOYED THEIR SING- SONG CHANTING. OCCASSIONALLY,
SHE EVEN DANCED... SHE UNDERSTOOD THEM...



"AS I SAID, SHE LIKED THE NATIVES, AND THEY IN TURN, ADORED HER! BECAUSE OF THIS, JASON HATED HER AND HURT HER OFTEN. BUT THOUGH THE NATIVES LOATHED HIM ENOUGH TO KILL HIM, THEY DID NOTHING FOR THEY FEARED HIM JUST AS MUCH..."



"HOWEVER, ONE NIGHT MARIE SNEAKED AWAY TO JOIN HER FRIENDS IN A RITUAL. SHE DANCED ECSTATICALLY AND CHANTED WITH THEM... SHE WAS LOVELY TO SEE..."



"BUT SUDDENLY, IN A DRUNKEN RAGE, JASON BURST UPON THE SCENE! HURLING VILE PROFANITY UPON HIS WIFE HE DREW HIS GUN AND *SHOT* HER! SHE FELL DEAD..."



"THAT SAME NIGHT, AFTER JASON HAD LEFT, THE VOODOO DRUMS PULSATED THROUGH THE JUNGLE... THE FORCES OF BLACK MAGIC WERE CONJURED UP AND BY THEIR EVIL POWER MARIE BECAME ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD! SHE WAS A *ZOMBIE*!"



"THE NATIVES SENT HER TO JASON... SHE WAS TO WREAK VENGEANCE UPON HIM FOR HIS SINS..."



"BULLETS WERE USELESS! LEAD WILL NOT KILL ONE ALREADY DEAD!"



"... AND JASON, TERRIFIED BEYOND WORDS, FLED INTO THE JUNGLE..."



THERE WAS NO ESCAPE. JASON FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL HIS GUN WAS EMPTY... AND STILL THE WHITE ZOMBIE STALKED HIM...



HYSTERICALLY, HE PLUNGED DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE, HOPING SOME-
HOW TO FIND SAFETY...



"BUT INSTEAD, HE FOUND QUICKSAND!"



HIS FRANTIC EFFORTS TO FREE HIMSELF ONLY SUCKED HIM DEEPER INTO THE MIRE... AS THE WHITE ZOMBIE WALKED SILENTLY UP TO THE EDGE OF THE BOG...



"...AND BLINDLY FOLLOWED HIM TO EXTINCTION!"



...AND THAT'S THE STORY, KINGS!
TONIGHT, I REALIZE NOW, IS THE
ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR DEATH!
TONIGHT, THE NATIVES TRIED
TO BRING HER BACK!

THEY *DID* BRING
HER BACK! I *SAW*
HER! WAIT... I'VE
FINISHED DEVELOPING
THE PHOTO! PUT ON
THE LIGHT AND WE'LL
HAVE A LOOK!



WHA...? WHY, SHE'S *NOT* THERE!
EVERYTHING ELSE IS! THE NATIVES,
THE FIRE, EVEN THE POLE SHE STOOD
AGAINST! EVERYTHING'S THERE...
EXCEPT THE *WHITE ZOMBIE*!



-THE
END-